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But youth is the season of quick judgments and over hasty conclusions. And though my experience had been brief, I was better able to distinguish between fine gold and alloy. Already the rumor had reached Anne that Aylmer Channing and his wife were not in a felicitous state. The lady was high spirited and rather inclined to jealousy, while Aylmer still made himself as fascinating in society. It was well fate had interposed and saved Anne from the dreary state of a neglected wife. As for myself, I still thought of my episode with a shiver. How weak I must have been to yield to such folly. Perhaps Mr. St. John was right in his estimate of me; but oh, was there no love in the world that could afford to be generous, to forgive freely?

It seemed quite natural to go back to school, though Anne was earnest in her entreaties that this should be the last year. Unconsciously a new hope began to animate me. If I could gain my old position, and it seemed almost possible, I should not hesitate to encounter old friends. Yet I felt a little bitter to think how soon one drops out of memory. Two years before I had been the centre of an admiring circle, now I suppose this homage was paid to a new star. I was no longer in the ranks. Well, I had not made one appeal. I had taken fate at her very worst, and meant to fight my own way up again, or remain in obscurity.

And yet I confess a strange feeling of depression stole over me. My tasks began to prove wearisome. I lived in a constant fever of expectation that was not hope, and began to realize how much I was counting on a slender reed. If it should fail, what was left?

The number of new pupils was quite large, and most of them it appeared to me were exceedingly dull. Magdalene Whitney had come back—this was her last year. Some wonderful change had befallen her. Not merely in disposition, but face and air were softer, sweeter. The girls had always teased her a good deal because she flashed into flame so easily, but now she shunned them. She seemed to desire solitude, and not infrequently I found her in the music-room when there was no practising.

One day I remember she turned suddenly upon me.

"Miss Adriance," she said, "why do you watch me so?"

It was the easiest to tell the truth.

"Because I am interested in you," I answered.

"Why?" The deep eyes seemed to pierce me through.

"I don't know that I can explain. You stand so much alone, you are so different from other girls."

"The difference will not repay your close study," and her scarlet lips curled with the most superb scorn.

I made no reply. Why should I care about her since she evidently desired no one's sympathy.

Going to the music-room quite late one afternoon I disturbed her reverie. She appeared confused at first, then bowed coldly and passed me. Something dropped from the folds of her dress. I picked up a note with a broken seal, but bearing no superscription. I took it to my own apartment, and as I laid it on the table the seal caught my eye fairly. "A. C." with a quaint device that I knew well. I started in the utmost surprise.

The rules of correspondence were very strict, but I knew the system of smuggling letters was brought to a state of high perfection among school girls. My duty was to hand this over to Mrs. Ellingwood, who would not scruple to read its contents. I had a more than passing interest in it if it was as I suspected. I took the note out of its enclosure therefore and glanced at the heading—"My dearest Magdalene" in Aylmer Channing's light, graceful chirography. I could not mistake it.

I had not thought the man a deliberate villain before. With a girl of Magdalene's nature the acquaintance could not be one of calm friendship, though that would be little to his taste. In his search for something new and piquant, I could see just how she had attracted him. Her spirit and daring; her fiery, passionate nature; her strange, suggestive face had roused him from the tame duties of married life. I question if fidelity was possible to him. Some fatal desire for change swayed him with an irresistible impulse.

The next morning I summoned Magdalene to my room, as I had resolved upon my course. There was an apprehensive look in her eyes, and a nervousness quite unlike her usual demeanor.

"Does this note belong to you?" I asked. "I found it in the music room soon after you had left."

"It does." I watched the eager working of the fingers, but I still retained it in my hand.

"I thought such things were forbidden here," I resumed carelessly.

"Then you have read it—you had no right!" and her face was dark with intense passion.

"Perhaps you would prefer Mrs. Ellingwood's scrutiny?"

"Oh, you can give it to her," was the scornful reply. "I could defy you both if I chose."

"Miss Whitney, I prefer to keep your secret. To be reprimanded can do you no possible good; besides, I have a deeper interest in the affair. Will you tell me where you met Mr. Channing?"

She turned pale at the mention of the name. After a long pause she said slowly—

"I cannot tell you anything. I would rather suffer than break a promise, and a most solemn one binds me."

Then she folded her hands and stood calmly waiting, her face settling into impassable lines.

"Is he your lover?"

The only answer was a faint flush.

"I have not read your letter," I went on. "I knew the seal, because I had some acquaintance with this Mr. Channing, and was once engaged to him."

"Then you hate me as a matter of course," with a bitter sneer.

"As little as I care for him. But he has no right to ask any woman's love, or to win it. He is already married."

A most indifferent and incredulous smile crossed her face.

"It is best that you should be convinced," I said. "His cousin was my guardian. I have a friend living in Baltimore who is distantly related to him, and through either party I could procure you positive proofs. But it would be better for you to write to him once again and tell him from whom you had the story, and that Miss Adriance is one of the teachers in this place. There is the letter."

She bowed as she took it, and left the room without another word.

I wondered whether she would have sufficient courage to take such a step. That she should take pains to shun me was in no wise remarkable, and I made no further effort to gain her confidence. Indeed my own affairs occupied much of my thoughts. Every day was bringing me nearer the test of failure or triumph. It was so strange to bear it in this utter solitude—no one to uphold me with a smile.

Yet I believe I was a good deal surprised when the announcement was fairly made. It was the beginning of December. A week later I received a parcel by express. I hurried it up to my room with a strange, faint sensation, as if the throbbing of my heart would strangle me. With what eager haste I tore off the wrappings. There, in its bright cover and clear type, was my treasure, the work of hours and moods that had run through the cycle of human joys, delights, fears and almost despair. I was in a trance, a far off world of my own; these faces around me were like some distant visions, these tasks a chain that dragged my body to earth, but did not touch my soul.

I must confess to an almost wild delight in its first perusal, for the fact of authorship had been hardly realized as yet. In my solitary life it was such a great event. It became love and hope, the solace that happier women find in their homes and children. It was a part of myself, henceforth indissoluble.

Lest I should fly to the heights of rapture, the publishers thought fit to moderate my expectations. Business was very dull, indeed; they had hesitated about issuing it at such an unfavorable time, but I might rely upon them to do their best, only I must not be too sanguine, or too deeply disappointed in case it was not a success.

When the first excitement had subsided and I came back to common life, the whole atmosphere appeared dull and tame. My tense nerves relaxed, my busy brain yielded to a sort of stupor. I could not bring myself to care for anything; I seemed old and worn, past the pleasures of youth and hope. A dreariness took complete possession of me. I had made my great effort, like a gamester who plays his last card, and *not* won.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GRACIE.

Who hath grace like a floating swan?
  Who hath eyes like an angel divine?
Who hath cheeks like the summer dawn?
  Who hath lips whose kisses are mine?
Who braids sunshine into her hair,
  Weaving golden shadows between?
Who hath beauty beyond compare?
  Gracie, my queen—Gracie, my queen!

What is so sweet as Gracie's smile?
  What is so free from subtle art?
What is so far from sin and guile
  As my Gracie's womanly heart?
What is so fair as Gracie's hand,
  Mutely pointing me on my way?
She is my sovereign to command—
  I am her subject to obey.

Gracie sits in my temple o' thought—
  Gracie roams in my castle o' dreams;
All the good of my life is wrought
  By the inspiration that beams
Out of her pure and heavenly face:
  Tapers of angels are her eyes,
Which I will follow, by God's grace,
  Unto the gates of Paradise.

Five Brothers' Five Fixes.

JACK THE SAILOR'S FIX.

Sailor Jack, as his brothers called him, was in reality a commander in the royal navy. At this moment, he is in command of H. M. S. ——, and owing to several circumstances, will, though very young, be probably soon made a post-captain. He has the Victoria Cross, besides sundry medals. As soon as Ned had finished his tale, Jack, throwing away the end of his cigar, began.

"I do not much fancy, now that I am a small-great man, and commander in the navy, to relate my story of a fix; but as Dick has bound us all, honor bright, to tell the whole truth, I must even speak out, and create a laugh at my own expense, for laugh at me I am sure you will.

"Some ten or twelve years ago, when I was very young, and had just been made acting lieutenant on board H. M. S. *Lion*, 90 guns, we were cruising in the South Pacific, and had been compelled, by bad weather, to put into the Bay of Islands, on the north-east coast of the northern island of New Zealand. I was very fond of botany, and had often heard of the richness and beauty of the New Zealand ferns, and knew well that the neighborhood of the Bay of Islands was noted for many rare kinds. As our ship was going to Auckland, and would, in a few days' time, return, and again pass near the bay, I asked leave of our captain to remain on shore till the *Lion* came back. The permission I sought was readily granted, and though I was much laughed at by my brother-officers for wishing to waste my leave in such an outlandish spot, I cared little for their ridicule. Nor did I pay as much attention as I ought to have done to the kindly warning of my captain about Maoris. The last I recollect, as I went over the ship's side, was a remark from one of my brother-officers to the effect that he would bet I brought back with me a brown wife; and I remember, as I was rowed to land, that I noticed a whaler just entering the bay. I little thought how nearly my brother-officer's remark would come true, nor what a nuisance the whaler would prove.

"I landed in due time at Kororarika, and after engaging a room at the public, for it would be wrong to use the word inn, I started on a fern expedition. Here and there I wandered, through one gully, and then through another, till at last I found myself on a beautiful sandy beach. Being tired with my walk, I sat down to arrange my specimens in my portfolio. At my feet lay Boatswain, a large Newfoundland dog, who belonged more or less to the *Lion*, but who, although he was the common property of all on board, always made a point of specially attaching himself to me whenever he could. A low growl from Boatswain caused me to turn my head, when I saw a canoe with five Maoris in it pulling towards the beach. When they reached land, I was struck with the peculiar interest they seemed to take in me. They looked at me most attentively, looked me all over in fact from head to foot, and then talked earnestly among themselves; then one of them spoke to me. I could make nothing out of their horrible lingo save that two words, something like Johnson and Boatswain, were constantly repeated, and that the tone of my addressor was evidently that of a person asking ques-

tions. Nor could I m
the signs used. The
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great joy. All I could
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had had another good
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Johnson and Boatswa
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the hill towards the to
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not again meet. Mea
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Boatswain!" At the
unfortunate word, I s
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the Pacific. The four
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they could. Boatswa
ter me.

"The whole thing t
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steering. I began
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was nothing for me
bear it; so I smoked
cally waited the issu
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rapidity, and, as I th
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ing sound. This, I
Maori manner of s
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saw a whaler's boat
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up to the house whe
he was captain of a w
of pilot-cloth with so
on his head a sailor-k
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age and size; and th
different from me in m
versation, he might po
persons, have been sai
He was followed by a
what of Boatswain's
bounced into the roo
sitting on the floor,
lap, and another by m

"I hardly know ho
which followed, or
Boatswain and the st
once hammer and to
howling, gnashing. I
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Yankee twang, and w
odious epithets, he a
stranger, I calculate
skunk of a Britisher.
a moment, and pay y
dence! I swear I wi

"The man was in
language he used, th
tions he hurled at me,
one's blood boiling, es
son already irritated
now sworn at, and a
like a dog, because,
room into which I h
brought against my w
a sharp answer; he re
and with it a kick
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ment, he and I were
most desperately. W
pons, but were both
our fury, we felt no p
ed, we wrestled, and
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like a struggle for lif
the moment that I wo
and he, I am sure,
Our clothes were
streaming with blood
left arm had been br
the table; half the Y
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howling around us; t
a deadly embrace, w
while my antagonist
of us on the top, and
were rolling over and

"It *was* a scene, I
a number of men ent
I were forcibly sepa
torn asunder. I do no
I suppose I fainted.
self, I was in bed, my
English doctor sitting
a hazy idea of a bl
limping across the ro

ake anything out of
man pointed to the
y, rolled up a small
t, and danced it in his
wo fingers, and went
action expressive of
do was to shake my
t on earth the fellow
o my relief, after they
stare at me, another
questions and panto-
consultation among
h words resembling
in again figured, they
eir number went up
wn; and one remained,
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e. I closed my port-
ake preparations for
Maoris were not out
e walking fast, and I
slowly, so we should
ntime, Boatswain had
siderable distance. I
t loudly "Boatswain,
first mention of that
aw the Maori who was
is head quickly. No
my dog two or three
oost unearthly screech,
heard half-way across
other Maoris rushed
here was a hurried con-
faces, they seized me,
oat, and then shoved
l or paddle as hard as
in had jumped in af-

ook place in a few se-
uld have been useless.
think, the dog and I
mfortable part of the
captors were fast pad-
ay, and the fifth was
eriously to calculate
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uld not do: the odds
great, and the Maoris
owerful men. Besides
ed—though they were
he off against my will,
and attentive. They
sit on, offered me to-
kept on grinning at me
ntary manner. There
to do but to grin and
away, and philosophi-
e of events. After s
n miles, we arrived at
he bay, where was the
iti. Directly the canoe
took me out, hoisted
s, and trotted off with
ace. Soon we came to
than those around it,
outside. There were
proached. With great
nought, without much
rried into one of the
I was surrounded by
Maori women, who kept
e, and with great glee,
I should say, gently
y nose with the tip of
e same time a low wail-
must tell you, is the
alutation. In another
-for so I then thought
ry small, very nasty,
nto my arms, and put
f them, and then the
inst my nasal organ. I
nger; I expostulated,
d, I am afraid, pretty
t it was all of no use;
yself understood, nor
hy I should be so per-
such a manner. I sat
ite sulky. Soon I per-
were being made for
another hut, probably
ot the interesting mo-
ts was lying. I was not
-I was getting rather
mind to fight my way
se out of doors caused
owards the window; I
rapidly approach the
jumped out, and ran
re I was. Apparently,
haler. He wore a suit
me brass buttons, and
ind of cap, with some
it. He was about my
ough, of course, very
anners, style, and con-
ossibly, by some foolish
d to be not unlike me.
large black dog, some-
reed. He and his dog
m where I was sulkily
with one baby on my
y side.
w to describe the scene
the order of events.
range dog were at it at
ge, fighting, barking,
cannot repeat the lan-
ner; but with an awful
ith horrible oaths and
once began: 'Well,
you are a tarnation
I'll clear you out in
ou off for your impu-
ll!'
a furious rage. The
e abuse and imprec-
were enough to set any
pecially that of a per-
as I was, and who was
bout to be kicked out
forsooth, I was in a
ad been unintelligibly
ill. I gave the Yankee
eturned a sharper reply,
and a blow. All this
two. In another mo-
fighting, and that too
e luckily had no wea-
in a terrible rage. In
ain. We bit, we kick-
grasped each other's
air fist-fight, but more
e and death. I felt at
uld kill him if I could;
ad the same feeling.
orn; our faces were
; the small bone of my
oken by a fall against
ankee's teeth had been
roat; the women were
he two dogs, locked in
vere writhing about;
and I, sometimes one
sometimes the other,
over on the ground.
assure you. At length
ered. The Yankee and
rated, the dogs were
t recollect much more;
When I came to my-
left arm in splints, an
by my side, and I had
ood-stained Boatswain
om.

"'There now, lie down,' said the man at my bedside. 'Drink this. You will be quite well to-morrow, except your arm. It is all right; Johnson is very sorry indeed.'

"'Johnson sorry. Who, what, is all this?' I began indistinctly to murmur; but in a few moments I was fast asleep.

"Next day, I awoke about twelve o'clock, rather stiff, rather sore, and with my left arm, of course, still in splints, but, thanks to a good constitution, not bad in other respects. In my room was my antagonist of yesterday. His face showed signs of severe punishment, but he was quite calm and good-humored, and, in spite of black eyes and party-colored bruised features, looked more gentlemanly than he had done the day before. He smiled a somewhat ghastly smile, and advanced towards my bedside holding out his hand. I shook it warmly as he said he was eternally sorry for the mistake—a mistake, he added, which, he guessed, would lick all mistakes in creation; he calculated I would stop with him the rest of that day and night, and that we would liquor up awfully.

"I did stop, and spent a very pleasant evening. Either the Yankee's baccy was too strong, or I was too weak in my battered state to drink much, or perhaps I did liquor up awfully. All I know is, I had a most rattling headache next morning. The explanation of the whole matter was this:—Mr., or Captain Johnson, as he liked to be called, had married a Maori woman from a distant part of the country. Just before he started on his last whaling voyage, he brought Mrs. Johnson to Rawhiti, having bought a house there. He was so very short a time at Rawhiti before he sailed, that hardly any of the natives knew him by sight. On the day that his whale-ship returned to the Bay of Islands, Mrs. Johnson had twins. A lot of natives who were very much, pecuniarily and otherwise, interested in the swell Maori lady or Maori woman who had gained the dignity of being a white gentleman's wife, on recognizing the whaler, set off to find Captain Johnson, that they might be the first to give him the good news, and row him across the bay. Unfortunately, all they knew of Captain Johnson was, that he was a good-looking gentleman, with light hair, dressed like a sailor, and accompanied by a large black dog, called Boatswain. Unfortunately, too, they met me. They could not explain matters to me, nor I to them. My calling the dog Boatswain, settled the matter. Once started on a false scent, nobody dreamed of the mistake. Johnson, coming on shore in his own boat, was naturally enough in a rage at finding me installed as master in his house, and apparently the owner of the affections of his wife; and so I first got into a fix with my own supposed babies and Maori friends, and then into a bigger fix with my Yankee double. Improbable as the story may seem, it really did occur, and I have exaggerated nothing. For many years, my friends and acquaintances used to inquire after my Maori wife and children; and to this day I believe I am known to the youngsters in the navy—behind my back, of course—by the name of 'Maori Jack.'"

PASSERS BY!

Ah, yes! we mingle, man with man,
We meet, then pass each other by,
Unconscious of the hidden strife,
Unguessing of the smothered sigh;
Ah! so we pass each other by.

For who will be the first to break
The heart's most sacred, secret seal,
And all its hidden wealth of love,
Or poverty of joy reveal.

We meet, clasp hands, but mask our hearts,
And hide the sorrow that we feel,
When by our side, perhaps there beats
A heart that could that sorrow heal.

Alas! and often when we read
In some sad face the soul's great need
Of human sympathy and care—
Or trace the lines of dark despair—

We coldly pass when, it may be,
A tender word from thee or me
Would soothe that troubled heart, and win
That soul, perhaps, from some great sin.

Pass on! pass on! in joy or pain,
Your care is not my care, we say;
Pass on! we may not meet again,
The way you go is not my way.

The Special Train to Leghorn.

What I have—wife, position, independence—I owe to the opportunity for exercising the very simple and unpretending combination of qualities that go by the name of ability. But to my story.

My father was a wealthy country gentleman, of somewhat more than the average of intelligence, and somewhat more than the average of generosity and extravagance. His younger brother, a solicitor in large practice in London, would in vain remonstrate as to the imprudence of his course. Giving freely, spending freely, must come to an end. It did; and at twenty I was a well-educated, gentlemanly pauper. The investigation of my father's affairs showed that there was one shilling and sixpence in the pound for the whole of his creditors, and of course nothing for me.

The position was painful. I was half engaged to—that is, I had gloves, flowers, a ringlet, a carte de visite of Alice Morton. That, of course, must be stopped.

Mr. Silas Morton was not ill-pleased at the prospect of an alliance with his neighbor Westwood's son while there was an expectation of a provision for the young couple in the union of estates as well as persons; but now, when the estate was gone, when I, Guy Westwood, was shillingless in the world, it would be folly indeed. Nevertheless I must take my leave.

"Well, Guy, my lad, bad job this; very bad job; thought he was safe as the bank. Would not have believed it from any one—not from any one. Of course all that nonsense about you and Alice must be stopped now; I'm not a hard man; but I can't allow Alice to throw away her life in the poverty she would have to bear as your wife; can't do it; wouldn't be the part of a father if I did."

I suggested I might in time.

"Time, sir! How much? She's nineteen now. You're brought up for nothing; know nothing that will earn you a sixpence for the next six months, and talk about time. Time, indeed! Keep her waiting till she's thirty, and then break her heart by finding it a folly to marry at all."

"Ah! Alice, my dear, Guy's come to say 'Goodby;' he sees, with me, that his altered position compels him, as an honorable man, to give up any hopes he may have formed as to the future."

He left us alone to say "Farewell!"—a word too hard to say at our ages. Of course we consulted what should be done. To give each other up, to bury the delicious past, that was not to be thought of. We would be constant, spite of all. I must gain a position and papa would then help us.

Two ways were open; a commission in India, a place in my uncle's office. Which? I was for the commission, Alice for the office. A respectable influential solicitor; a position not to be despised: nothing but cleverness wanted; and my uncle's name, and no one to wait for; no liver complaints; no Sepoys; no sea voyages; and no long separation.

"Oh, I'm sure it's the best thing."

I agreed not unnaturally, then, that it was the best.

"Now, you young people, you've had time enough to say 'Goodby,' so be off, Guy. Here, my lad, you'll need something to start with," and the old gentleman put into my hands a note for fifty pounds.

"I beg, sir, that you will not insult—"

"God bless the boy! 'insult!' Why, I've danced you on my knee hundreds of times. Look you, Guy,"—and the old fellow came and put his hand on my shoulder—"it gives me pain to do what I am doing. I believe for both your sakes, it is best you should part. Let us part friends. Come now, Guy, you'll need this; and if you need a little more, let me know."

"But, sir, you cut me off from all hope; you render my life a burden to me. Give me some definite task; say how much you think ought we to have; I mean how much I ought to have to keep Alice—I mean Miss Morton—in such a position as you would wish."

Alice added her entreaties, and the result of the conference was an understanding that if within five years from that date I could show an income of five hundred pounds—why, on that he thought we could live for a few years comfortably.

There was to be no correspondence whatever, no meetings, no messages. We protested and pleaded, and finally said:

"Well, well, Guy; I always liked you, and I liked your father before you. Come to us on Christmas day, and you shall find a vacant chair beside Alice. There, now; say 'Good-by' and be off."

I went off. I came to London, to one of the little lanes leading out of Cannon street. Five hundred a year in five years! I must work hard.

My uncle took little notice of me; I fancied he worked me harder than the rest, and paid me the same. Seventy-five pounds a year is not a large sum. I had spent it in a month before now, after the fashion of my father; now I hoarded; made clothes last; and kept my enjoying faculties from absolute rust by a weekly half-price to the theatre—the pit.

The year passed. I went down at Christmas, and for twenty-four hours was alive; came back and had a raise of twenty pounds in salary for the next year. I waited for opportunity, but it came not.

The jog-trot routine of office work continued for two years more, and at that time I was worth but my salary of one hundred and thirty-five pounds a year—one hundred and thirty-five pounds! a long way from five hundred pounds. Oh, for opportunity! I must quit the desk, and become a merchant; all successful men had been merchants; money begets money. But to oppose all these thoughts of change came the memory of Alice's last words at Christmas: "Wait and hope, Guy, dear; wait and hope. Certainly; it's so easy to."

"Governor wants you, Westwood. He's sharp this morning; very sharp; so look out, my dear nephy."

"You understand a little Italian, I think?" said my uncle.

"A little, sir."

"You will start to-night for Florence, in the mail train. Get there as rapidly as possible, and find whether Colonel Wilson is residing there, and what lady he is residing with. Learn all you can as to his position and means, and the terms on which he lives with that lady. Write to me, and wait there for further instructions. Mr. Williams will give you a check for one hundred pounds; you can get circular notes for fifty pounds, and the rest cash. If you have anything to say, come in here at five o'clock; if not, good-morning. By-the-by, say nothing in the office."

I need not say that hope made me believe my opportunity was come.

I hurried to Florence and discharged my mission; sent home a careful letter, full of facts, without comment or opinion, and in three weeks' time was summoned to return. I had done little or nothing that could help me, and in a disappointed state of mind packed up and went to the railway station at St. Dominico. A little row with a peasant as to his demand for carrying my baggage caused me to lose the last train that night, and so the steamer at Leghorn. The station-master seeing my vexation, endeavored to console me.

"There will be a special through train to Leghorn at nine o'clock, ordered for Count Spezzatto; he is good-natured, and will possibly let you go in that."

It was worth the chance, and I hung about the station till I was tired, and then walked back towards the village. Passing a small wine-shop, I entered, and asked for wine in English. I don't know what whim possessed me when I did it, for they were unable to understand me without dumb motions. I at length got wine by these means, and sat down to while away the time over a railway volume.

I had been seated about an hour when a courier entered, accompanied by a railway guard. Two more different examples of the human race it would be difficult to describe.

The guard was a dark, savage-looking Italian, with rascal and bully written all over him; big, black, burly, with bloodshot eyes, and thick, heavy, sensual lips—the man was utterly repulsive.

The courier was a little, neatly-dressed man, of no age in particular; pale, blue-eyed, straight-lipped, his face was a compound of fox and rabbit that only a fool, or a patriot, would have trusted out of arm's length.

This ill-matched pair called for brandy, and the hostess set it before them. I then heard them ask who and what I was. She replied I must be an Englishman, as I did not understand the Italian for wine. She then left.

They evidently wanted to be alone, and my presence was decidedly disagreeable to them; and muttering that I was an Englishman, they proceeded to try my powers as a linguist.

The courier commenced in Italian, with a remark on the weather. I immediately handed him the newspaper. I didn't speak Italian, that was clear to them.

The guard now struck in with a remark in French, as to the fineness of the neighboring country. I shrugged my shoulders, and produced my cigar case. French was not very familiar to me, evidently.

"These beasts of English think their own tongue so fine they are too proud to learn another," said the guard.

I sat quietly sipping my wine, and reading.

"Well, my dear Michael Pultaski," began the guard.

"For the love of God, call me not by that name. My name is Alexis—Alexis Dventzoi—now."

"Oh! oh!" laughed the guard; "you have changed your name, you fox; it's like you. Now I am the same you knew fifteen years ago, Conrad Farrate—to-day, yesterday, and forever, Conrad Ferrate. Come, lad, tell us your story. How did you get out of that little affair at Warsaw? How they could have trusted you, with your face, with their secrets, I can't for the life of me tell; you look so like a sly knave, don't you, lad?"

The courier, so far from resenting this familiarity, smiled as if he had been praised.

"My story is soon said. I found, after my betrayal to the police of the secrets of that little conspiracy, which you and I joined, that Poland was too hot for me, and my name too well known. I went to France, who values her police, and for a few years was useful to them. But it was dull work, very dull; native talent was more esteemed. I was to be sent on a secret service to Warsaw; I declined, for obvious reasons."

"Good! Michael—Alexis; good, Alexis. This fox is not to be trapped." And he slapped the courier on the shoulder heartily.

"And," resumed the other, "I resigned. Since then I have travelled as courier with noble families, and I trust I give satisfaction."

Good! Alexis; good, Mich—good, Alexis! To yourself you give satisfaction. You are a fine rascal!—the prince of rascals! So decent, so quiet, so like the cure of a convent. Who would believe that you had sold the lives of thirty men for a few hundred roubles?"

"And who," interrupted the courier, "would believe that you, bluff, honest Conrad Ferrate, had run away with all the money those thirty men had collected, during ten years of labor, for the rescue of their country from the Russians?"

"This was good, Alexis, was it not? I never was so rich in my life as then; I loved—I gambled—I drank on the patriots' money."

"For how long? Three years?"

"More—and now I have none left. Ah! times change, Alexis; behold me." And the guard touched his buttons and his belt, the badges of his office. "Never mind; here's my good friend, the bottle—let us embrace—the only friend that is always true; if he does not gladden, he makes us forget."

"Tell me, my good Alexis, whom do you rob now? Who pays for the best and gets the second best? Whose money do you invest, eh! my little fox? Why are you here? Come, tell me while I drink to your success."

"I have the honor to serve his excellency, the Count Spezzato."

"Ten thousand devils! My accursed cousin!" broke in the guard. "He who has robbed me from his birth; whose birth itself was a vile robbery of me—of me, his cousin, child of his father's brother. May he be accursed forever!"

I took most particular pains to appear only amused at this genuine outburst of passion, for I saw the watchful eye of the courier was on me all the time they were talking.

The guard drank off his tumbler of brandy.

"That master of yours is the man of whom I spoke to you years ago, as the one who had ruined me; and you serve him! May he be strangled on his wedding night, and cursed forever!"

"Be calm, my dearest Conrad, calm yourself. That beast of an Englishman will think you are drunk, like one of his own swinish people, if you talk so loud as this."

"How can I help it? I must talk. What *he* is, that *I* ought to be; I was brought up to it till I was eighteen; was the heir to all his vast estate; there was but one life between me and power—my uncle's—and he at fifty married a girl, and had this son, this son of perdition, my cousin. And after that I, who had been the pride of the family, became of no account! It was 'Julian, sweet Julian!'"

"I heard," said the courier, "that some one attempted to strangle the sweet child; that was—"

"Me, you fox, me. I wish I had done it; but for that wretched dog that worried me, I should have been Count Spezzato now. I killed that dog, killed him—no, not suddenly; may his master die like him!"

"And you left after that little affair?"

"Oh yes! I left and became what you know me."

"A clever man, my dear Conrad. I know no man who is more clever with the ace than yourself, and, as to bullying to cover a mistake, you are an emperor at that. Is it not so, Conrad? Come, drink good health to my master, your cousin?"

"You miserable viper, I'll crush you if you ask me to do that again. I'll drink—Here, give me the glass—

"Here's to Count Spezzato; may he die like a dog! May his carcase bring the birds and the wolves together! May his name be cursed and hated while the sun lasts! And may purgatory keep him till I pray for his release!"

The man's passion was something frightful to see, and I was more than half inclined to leave the place; but something, perhaps a distant murmur of the rising tide, compelled me to stay. I pretended to sleep, allowing my head to sink upon the table.

He sat still a few moments; and then commenced walking about the room, and abruptly asked:

"What brought you here, Alexis?"

"My master's horse, Signor Conrad."

"Good, my little fox; but why did you come on your master's horse?"

"Because my master wishes to reach Leghorn to-night, to meet his bride, Conrad."

"Then his is the special train ordered at nine, that I am to go with?" exclaimed the guard, eagerly.

"That is so, gentle Conrad; and now having told you all, let me pay our hostess and go."

"Pay! No one pays for me, little fox; no, no, go; I will pay."

The courier took his departure, and the guard kept walking up and down the room, muttering to himself.

"To-night, it might be to-night. If he goes to Leghorn, he meets his future wife; another life, and perhaps a dozen. No, it must be to-night or never. Does his mother go? Fool that I am not to ask! Yes, it shall be to-night;" and he left the room.

What should be "to-night?" Some foul play, of which the Count would be the victim, no doubt. But how? when? That must be solved. To follow him, or to wait—which? To wait. It is best always to wait; I had learned this lesson already.

I waited. It was now rather more than half-past eight, and I had risen to go to the door when I saw the guard returning to the wine-shop with a man whose dress indicated the stoker.

"Come in, Guido, come in," said the guard, "and drink with me."

The man came in, and I was again absorbed in my book.

They seated themselves at the same table as before, and drank silently for a while; presently the guard began a conversation in some patois that I could not understand; but I could see the stoker grow more and more interested as the name of Beatrix occurred more frequently.

As the talk went on the stoker seemed pressing the guard on some part of the story with a most vindictive cagerness, repeatedly asking, "His name? The accursed! His name?"

At last the guard answered, "Count Spezzato."

"The Count Spezzato!" said the stoker, now leaving the table, and speaking in Italian.

"Yes, good Guido; the man who will travel in the train we take to-night to Leghorn."

"He shall die! The accursed! He shall die to-night!" said the stoker. "If I lose my life, the betrayer of my sister shall die?"

The guard, returning to the unknown tongue seemed to be endeavoring to calm him; and I could only catch a repetition of the word "Empoli" at intervals. Presently the stoker took from the seats beside him two tin bottles, such as you may see in the hands of mechanics who dine out; and I could see that one of them had rudely scratched on it the name of "William Atkinson." I fancied the guard produced for his pocket a phial, and poured the contents into the bottle; but the action was so rapid, and the corner was so dark, that I could not be positive; then rising, they stopped at the counter, had both bottles filled with brandy, and went out.

It was now time to get to the station; and, having paid my modest score, I went out.

A little in front of me, by the light of a small window, I saw these two cross themselves, grip each others hands across right to right, left to left, and part.

The stoker had set down the bottles, and now taking them up followed the guard at a slower pace.

Arrived at the station, I found the Count, his mother, a female servant, and the courier.

The Count came up to me and said, in broken English,

"You are the English to go to Leghorn with me? Very well, there is room. I like the English. You shall pay nothing, because I do not sell tickets; you shall go free. Is that so?"

I thanked him in the best Italian I could master.

"Do not speak Italian to me; I speak the English as a native; I know all you say to me in your own tongue. See, here is the train special, as you call it. Enter, as it shall please you."

The train drew up at the platform; and I saw that the stoker was at his post, and that the engine driver was an Englishman.

I endeavored in vain to draw his attention to warn him, and was compelled to take my seat, which I did in the compartment next the guard's brake—the train consisting of only that carriage and another, in which were the Count, his mother, and the servant.

The guard passed along the train, locked the door, and opened his box.

"The Florence goods is behind you, and the Sienna goods is due at Empoli Junction four minutes before you; mind you don't run into it," said the station master, with a laugh.

"No fear; we shall not run into it," said the guard, with a marked emphasis on the "we" and "it" that I recalled afterwards.

The whistle sounded, and we were off. It was a drizzling dark night; and I lay down full length on the seat, as if to sleep.

As I lay down a gleam of light shot across the carriage from a small chink in the woodwork of the partition between the compartment I was in and the guard's box.

I was terribly anxious from the manner of the guard; and this seemed to be a means of hearing something more. I lay down and listened attentively.

"How much will you give for your life, my little ——," said the guard.

"To-day, very little; when I am sixty, all I have, Conrad."

"But you might give something for it to-night, sweet Alexis, if you knew it was in danger?"

"I have no fear; Conrad Ferrate has too often conducted a train for me to fear to-night."

"True, my good Alexis; but this is the last train he will ride with as guard, for to-morrow he will be the Count Spezzato."

"How! To-morrow? You Joke, Conrad. The brandy was strong; but you who have drank so much, could hardly feel that."

"I neither joke, nor am I drunk; yet I shall be Count Spezzato, to-morrow, good Alexis. Look you, my gentle fox, my sweet fox; if you do not buy your life of me, you shall die to-night. That is simple, sweet fox."

"Ay; but, Conrad, I am not in danger."

"Nay, Alexis; see, here is the door." (I heard him turn the handle.) "If you lean against the door you will fall out and be killed. Is it not simple?"

"But, good Conrad, I shall not lean against the door."

"Oh, my sweet fox, my cunning fox, my timid fox, but not my strong fox; you will lean against the door. I know you will unless I prevent you; and I will not prevent you, unless you give me all you have in that bag."

The mocking tone of the guard seemed well understood, for I heard the click of gold.

"Good, my Alexis; it is good; but it is very little for a life. Come, what is your life worth, that you buy it only with your master's money? It has cost you nothing. I see you *will* lean against that door, which is so foolish."

"What, in the name of all the devils in hell, will you have?" said the trembling voice of the courier.

"Only a little more; under your shirt, under your skin, and dearer soft leather belt with life worth a leather bel

"Wretch! All the e in that belt, and you k

"Is it possible, sw found your nest? I sh lace of diamonds, then Why should you fall make a piece of ne Why?"

"Take it; and be and death!" and I hea the floor of the carriag

"Now, good Alexis, are three pieces of g need them at Leghor No. Then I will tel drink. Do you know

"Yes; between St. I

"And do you know

"Yes; to Leghorn."

"No, sweet Alexis, going to Empoli; the tr Look you, little fox; junction in one minu goods train, and there down just where the blows of the hammer into a log; I shall g that will take a little to the Count the natur will take a little time train will have arrive stop there, this train Empoli, and I shall be morrow. How do you fox? Is it not bright it will be a beautiful n papers. That beast of begged his place in th nate; he will cease, heavy. Eh! but it's son, the mother, the engine-driver, all

"And the stoker?"

"Ah! you and he an shall be pointed at in t nate. It is good, is it I told him the Count trayed his sister. He creature. But, little cousin, it was myself, from her home. Is it it not genius? And A ver—is now stupid; he can the poppy juice sleep forever. I will worthy of office. I wil of a Bourbon when I fox, and you shall be of old."

I was, for a time, l save that of hearing. of the man had all t serpent's rattle. I fe to a certain fate.

I was aroused by so passing the closed doo waited a little, then looked out. The stok the foot board of the on by its handles, so a occupants, and holdi that I had noticed at carriage in his hand. struck me in a momen we missed the goods should be run into fro from Florence.

The air that blew i refreshed me, and I to be done. The tra pace rapidly. Eviden charge, was striving t the other train, which due; he had to make ney of forty-five miles were going, we shoul no where, and the jo half over. We were and Montepolo; and an and I should be a br thing must be done.

I decided soon. took out my revolver, travel, and looking c and capping, fastened handkerchief. I then bar across the middle carefully looked out. the rain was falling f dark as ever. I cauti leg, then the other, toes close to the doo till I felt the step. I the foot-board by side handles of the door, of the carriages, and Here was a gulf the The stoker must hav not I? Mounting fro the puffer, and holdi from which the lamp my legs to reach the on the tender. My vibration, and touc spring. I had to hol hind my back, and st buffer-spring, and leaped forward, struc edge of the tender, a loose lumps of coal struggle brought me and bleeding, on the at that moment the of the furnace, and tu in hand, to put in the light from the fire while it blinded me. then began a struggle to my dying day. H throat with one arm his breast, and with ing the shovel for a hands, numbed and useless to me, and reeled to and fro o blinding glare. At l the front of the en ingenuity, pressed lower part of my cl cinder. The heat, hands, and I at last far enough from m pistol. I did not could not be very ca shoulder from the shovel; the arm th me relaxed, and he f a corner of the tende cover myself.

My object was to g Sienna goods train, what might be behi to stop, but I mig journey seven minut to Empoli three mi train was due.

I had never been o my life, but I knew valve somewhere th the boiler into the cy

just that belt that is
r everything, next to
to you; only a little
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eet fox, that I have
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from the train, and
ws for the papers?

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old for you; you will
n. Will you drink?
l you why, without
where we are?"
Dominico and Signa."
where we are going?"

we are not; we are
ain will go no further.
ve shall arrive at the
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the engine will break
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et out to examine it;
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e Count Spezzato to-
like my scheme, little
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ccident; it will fill the
? an Englishman who
e train will be fortu-
for goods trains are
a grand scheme—the
ervant, the stranger,
ball tell no tales."
said the courier.
d I shall escape. We
he street as the fortu-
not, Alexis, my fox?
is the man who be-
believes it, and is my
fox, it was not my
who took his Beatrix
not good, Alexis? Is
tkinson—he, the dri-
e has drunk from his
that will make him
be a politician. I am
l become the Minister
am Count, my dear
come my comrade, as

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The fiendish garrulity
the fascination of the
lt helplessly resigned

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train from Sienna, we
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back. He dropped the
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at let the steam from
linders, and that, being
important, it would be in a conspicuous position. I therefore turned the large handle in front of me, and had the satisfaction of finding the speed rapidly increased, and at the same time felt the guard putting on the brake to retard the train. Spite of this, in ten minutes I could see some dim lights, I could not tell where, and I still pressed on, faster on, faster and faster.

In vain, between the intervals of putting on coals, did I strive to arouse the sleeping driver. There I was, with two apparently dead bodies on the foot-plate of an engine, going at the rate of forty miles an hour, or more, amidst a thundering noise and vibration that nearly maddened me.

At last we reached the lights, and I saw, as I passed by, that we had reached the dread point.

As I turned back, I could see the rapidly dropping cinders from the train which, had the guard's brake been sufficiently powerful to have made me thirty seconds later, would have utterly destroyed me.

I was still in a difficult position. There was the train half a minute behind us, which, had we kept our time, would have been four minutes in front of us. It came on to the same rails, and I could hear its dull rumble rushing on towards us, fast. If I stopped, there was no light to warn them. I must go on, for the Sienna train did not stop at Empoli.

I put on more fuel, and after some slight scalding, from turning on the wrong taps, had the pleasure of seeing the water-gauge filling up. Still I could not go on long; the risk was awful; I tried in vain to write on a leaf of my note book, and after searching in the tool-box, wrote on the iron lid of the tank with a piece of chalk, "Stop everything behind me. The train will not be stopped till three red lights are ranged in a line on the ground. Telegraph forward!" And then as we flew through the Empoli station, I threw it on the platform. On we went, the same dull thunder behind warning me that I dare not stop.

We passed through another station at full speed, and at length I saw the white lights of another station in the distance. The sound behind had almost ceased, and in a few moments more I saw the line of three red lamps low down on the ground. I pulled back the handle, and after an ineffectual effort to pull up at the station, brought up the train about a hundred yards beyond Pontedera.

The porters and police of the stations came and put the train back, and then came the explanation.

The guard had been found dead on the rails, just beyond Empoli, and the telegraph set to work to stop the train. He must have found out the failure of his scheme, and in trying to reach the engine, have fallen on the rails.

The driver was only stupefied, and the stoker, fortunately, only dangerously, not fatally wounded.

Another driver was found, and the train was to go on.

The Count had listened most attentively to my statements, and then, taking my grimmed hand in his, led me to his mother.

"Madame, my mother, you have from this day one other son; this, my mother, is my brother."

The Countess literally fell on my neck, and kissed me in the spirit of them all, and speaking in Italian, said—

"Julian, he is my son, he has saved my life; and more, he has saved your life. My son, I will not say much; what is your name?"

"Guy Westwood."

"Guy, my child, my son, I am your mother; you shall love me."

"Yes, my mother; he is my brother. I am his. He is English, too; I like English. He has done well. Blanche shall be his sister."

During the whole of this time both mother and son were embracing me and kissing my cheeks, after the impulsive manner of their passionate natures, the indulgence of which appears strange to cold blood.

The train was delayed for my wounds and bruises to be dressed, and I then entered their carriage and went to Leghorn with them.

"Arrived there I was about to say "Farewell."

"What is farewell now? No; you must see Blanche, my sister. You will sleep at my hotel: I shall not let you go. Who is she that in your great book says, 'Where you go I will go?' That is my spirit. You must not leave me till—till you are as happy as I am."

He kept me, introduced me to Blanche, and persuaded me to write for leave to stay another two months, when he would return to England with me. Little by little he made me talk about Alice, till he knew all my story.

"Ah! that is it; you shall be unhappy because you want five hundred pounds every year, and I have so much as that. I am a patriot to get rid of my money. So it is that you will not take money. You have saved my life, and you will not take money; but I shall make you take money, my friend, English Guy; you shall have as thus." And he handed me my appointment as secretary to one of the largest railways in Italy. "Now you shall take money; now you will not go to your fog land to work like a slave; you shall take the money. That is not all. I am one of the practiced patriots—no, the practical patriots—of Italy. They come to me with their conspiracies to join, their secret societies to adhere to, but I do not. I am director of ever so much railways; I make fresh directions every day. I say to those who talk to me of politics, 'How many shares will you take in this or in that? I am a printer of books; I am a builder of museums; I have great share in docks, and I say to these, 'It is this that I am doing that is wanted.' This is not conspiracy; it is not plot; it is not society with ribbons; but it is what Italy, my country, wants. I grow poor; Italy grows rich; I am not wise in these things; they cheat me, because I am enthusiastic. Now, Guy, my brother, you are wise; you are deep; long in the head; in short, you are English! You shall be my guardian in these things—you shall save me from the cheat, and you shall work hard as you like for all the money you shall take from me. Come, my Guy, it is so."

Need I say that it was so? The Count and his Blanche made their honeymoon tour in England. They spent Christmas day with Alice and myself at Mr. Morton's, and when they left, Alice and I left with them, for our new home in Florence.

☞ Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by patient and gentle means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity.

Nitrate of Silver for the Throat.

When nitrate of silver was tried as a cure for some throat diseases, medical men of this country became hallucinated on the subject, and the moment a man seemed to be aware that he had a throat, by a tickling or clearing or cough or lumpy feeling there, which could be swallowed away, and you could feel it go down clear out of sight, and then at the very next swallow was ready to go down again, down went a swab, almost choking you to death, and in five minutes, two minutes, one minute, the tickling was gone, your cough was gone, your common sense was gone, and you jumped up out of your chair and in most ecstatic mood declared to every man, woman and child met with in the street, that you were cured of consumption, and that you were very "sincere in your belief;" but in two months afterward when you were "stone dead" of consumption you forgot to come back and "correct your report;" hence the idea spread like wildfire all over the country, that if a man had a hole in his lungs as big as a barn door, he only need have a gallon or less of nitrate of silver, strong as aquafortis squirted into the cavity, and Richard was himself again. Longer observations proved to Trousseau that he had made a hasty report, and the promised second edition of his book never appeared. The practice was taken up in this country, but it has now been almost entirely abandoned, because the disposition to hack or hem or clear the throat or to give frequent little dry coughs, called a "hacking cough," almost always arises from the condition of the lungs or the stomach, and a kind of tickling sensation is felt in the throat, referred to the little hollow at the top of the breast bone, but that sensation is induced by the state of the lungs or stomach, a foot or two away as the reader remembers in his own experience on receiving a knock on the elbow, the most disagreeable sensation was felt at the end of the fingers; when the leg is said to be asleep from sitting in such a position as to arrest the circulation, the ugliest feeling is in the foot, the cause of which is above the knee. When a drop or crumb of bread has "gone the wrong way," an intense and spiteful tickling is excited in the throat, not because the crumb is there, but farther down in the lungs, and nature adopts this method of exciting a desire to cough, in the throat, because a cough is the forcible expulsion of air from the bottom of the lungs, intending to carry the offending crumb before it along one of the pipes into the throat and thence outside; in this case, applying anything to the throat to repress or take away the tickling is depriving nature of her only means of ridding herself of the offending crumb; in case of consumption, it is the yellow matter in the lungs which makes the throat tickle preparatory to cough; but removing the tickling by any means only stops the cough, and allows the "phlegm" to remain in the lungs, to accumulate, to fill up the lungs, so that scarcely any air can get into them; hence, one of the most constant and distressing symptoms of consumption is shortness of breath, caused by the patient taking medicine to repress the cough; hence it is that all medicines to stop coughs, in colds and consumptions literally kill, instead of cure. —*Dr. Hall.*

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

—*Collins.*

☞ The mournful intelligence that Geo. Francis Train has been released from prison has cast a gloom over two continents.

☞ Some strange disclosures have lately been made in Paris in regard to the confinement of a number of persons, believed to be perfectly sane, in lunatic asylums. The Emperor has taken up the matter, has directed a searching official inquiry to be made, and intends himself, it is said, to visit Charenton and some other madhouses.

☞ The "retired physician whose sands of life are nearly run out," had a clever practical joke played upon him some time ago. A wag sent him by express a barrel of sand to replenish his wasted store. Those who have had the benefit of his prescriptions may be glad to know of this pleasant assistance rendered the benevolent old gentleman, to enable him so easily to prolong his life and labors.

☞ "Burleigh," of the Boston Journal, says that six cents' worth of green paint in powder used about any house will "clear the kitchen" and all its surroundings of roaches and kindred pests.

☞ SCIENTIFIC NOTES.—An interesting scientific discovery is mentioned in one of the Paris journals. The Calabar bean is found to be an antidote to strychnia. The latter destroys by spasmodic contraction. The first taken alone paralyses, and thus directly neutralizes the action of strychina, if given after that poison. The bean has been found useful in cases of lockjaw.

☞ A Bostonian, says the Commercial Advertiser, has a toy barometer on exhibition, which consists of a miniature cottage, with two doors. At one of these stands a man, clad in such purple and fine linen as constitute a Sunday-go-to-meeting garb in New England, while at the other appears a female arrayed in like apparel. These twain seem to watch the impending weather. If there are signs of rain, the man, with a noble bravery worthy of a better fate, steps boldly out of doors, while the woman shrinks into the cottage. But if the signs are favorable, the woman goes forth to shop and gossip, while the man stays at home and tends house and baby. A thermometer forms part of the household furniture of this institution.

☞ The latest puzzle has relation to a very lamentable fact in regard to the present weather. It is:

C C
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which a long-headed friend interprets to mean—"The *C's* on is backward;" and so it is.

☞ Talleyrand said of Madame de Stael, "She is really insupportable," which he qualified, after a short pause, by, "but that's her only fault."

☞ The National Typographical Union at its recent Convention, adopted a resolution against an International Copyright Law.

☞ The reason we admire pretty feet—Because all's well that ends well.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR GENTLEMEN AND THEIR SONS.

Question. Which is the LARGEST Clothing House in Philadelphia?

Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's Oak Hall, at the corner of Sixth and Market streets.

Question. Which Clothing House has the BEST assortment?

Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's, Sixth and Market streets.

Question. Which is the CHEAPEST place to buy Clothing for Gents, Boys and Children?

Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's, Sixth and Market streets.

Question. Why is WANAMAKER & BROWN'S the largest Clothing House in the city?

Answer. Because it contains more rooms and covers a larger space than any other house in this line of trade in Philadelphia. Besides this, it is largest in sense of selling more goods than any other Clothing House in the city.

Question. Why do Wanamaker & Brown have the BEST assortment?

Answer. Because they always have the largest number of garments on hand for customers to make selections from, and their goods are always PREMIER, a large business keeping a steady flow of new goods to their counters all the time.

Question. Why is Wanamaker & Brown's CHEAPER than other places?

Answer. Because their system of doing business, buying in first hands, gives them great advantages, and their very large sales afford moderate profits.

Question. Do they have fine goods "READY MADE," as well as lower grades?

Answer. All Qualities and Styles are kept on hand in all the sizes.

Question. Do they have BOYS' CLOTHING?

Answer. An IMMENSE assortment. They have recently added a large room on the first floor (so that parents do not have to go up stairs), and have a splendid stock of Boys' Garibaldis, Bismarcks, and every description of Children's Clothing.

Question. How can I be satisfied that all this is so?

Answer. Very easily—by simply going to Oak Hall, on the corner of Sixth and Market streets, and EXAMINING FOR YOURSELF. Messrs. Wanamaker & Brown, and their Salesmen and Clerks will treat you with the utmost politeness, whether you wish to purchase or not.

ap18-7teow

SCHOMACKER & CO.'S CELEBRATED PHILADELPHIA PIANOS are universally acknowledged the best instruments, and are taking the lead all over the land. They are more highly improved and possess a greater volume and sweetness of tone than any other Piano made. These instruments for the past thirty years have held their high reputation, and have been awarded the highest premiums at all the principal EXHIBITIONS held in the country, including the PRIZE MEDAL at the WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITION. Our extensive facilities for manufacturing enables us to offer more liberal terms than any other first-class Piano can be sold for in this city, as the purchaser obtains the instrument direct from us (the manufacturers) and saves the profits made by the agent, who usually claims more than the maker, and, besides, has our responsibility. Our establishment is one of Philadelphia's great institutions, and we challenge the world on Pianos. If any of our citizens suppose that Pianos made in other cities are superior to our own, they may have an opportunity of testing them with any maker's Pianos they may choose to name.

We respectfully invite our friends and the public generally to call at our new and beautiful warerooms, No. **1103** CHESTNUT Street, where they can examine these highly-improved and finished instruments. Our Piano Warerooms are the finest in the United States—a richly carpeted Parlor Saloon adjoining, where an opportunity can be had to test the tone, like in the parlor of your house. We now have on exhibition the magnificent carved Piano made for one of our distinguished statesmen, and which is the most elegantly finished instrument in the world: also, a *Boudoir Piano, finished in gold and ebony, and several full Grands, like those furnished to the President of the United States, and Governor Geary, of our own State.* A visit to our saleerooms will be of interest to those who may favor us with a call.

SCHOMACKER PIANO-FORTE MFG. CO.,
No. **1103** CHESTNUT St., Philadelphia.

my30-8t

THE

Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

Offers GREATER ADVANTAGES to Policy-holders than any company in this country.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1851. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

T. F. PLUNKETT, President.

BENJ. CHICKERING, Secretary.

JACOB L. GREENE, Asst. Sec'y.

Assets	**$1,000,000**
Annual Income	**500,000**

Dividends paid annually, on the Contribution Plan, from 33 to 70 per cent.

All the profits are divided among the Policy-holders.

Dividends paid to Policy-holders this year $300,000.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so expressed in the Policy.

An Annual Payment Life Policy is NOT forfeited by failure to pay Premium when due, but it is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.

Two annual payments will continue the policy in force four years and twelve days.

Three annual payments will continue the policy in force six years and twenty-seven days.

Four annual payments will continue the policy in force eight years and forty-six days.

Five annual payments will continue the policy in force ten years and fifty-six days.

Six annual payments will continue the policy in force twelve years and forty-one days.

Nineteen annual payments will continue the policy in force thirty years and 161 days.

All Endowment and Limited Payment Life Policies are entitled to a "PAID-UP NON-FORFEITABLE POLICY," after ONE Annual Premium has been paid.

WM. H. GRAVES,
General Agent and Attorney for Pennsylvania,
329 WALNUT St., Philadelphia, Pa.
W. HARRY MILLER, Special Agent.
W. H. SMITH, M. D., Medical Examiner,
feb8-1y 815 SPRUCE St., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ AGENTS WANTED.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. F. BOWEN,
de17-tf Box 2290, Boston, Mass.

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 20 cents, and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. my2-17t

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AGENTS WANTED.

PEOPLE in want of, and Agents who are selling all kinds of **Sewing Machines,** are requested to address me (with stamp) for greatly reduced prices and terms. J. K. PEARSONS,
my30-4t Box 4, Charlestown, Mass.

GOLD! GOLD!—My GOLDEN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow on the smoothest face, or hair on the baldest head, in 21 days, in every case, thick and heavy or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or 3 for $1. Send all money in letters to M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

(Established 1861.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN Tea Company

RECEIVE THEIR

TEAS BY THE CARGO

FROM THE

BEST TEA DISTRICTS

of

CHINA and JAPAN,

and sell them in quantities to suit customers

AT CARGO PRICES.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black), 75c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25 best $1 50 ℔ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED (Unground), 30c. 35c., best 40c., ℔ lb. GREEN (Unroasted), 25c., 30c., 33c., best 35c ℔ lb.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send a Post-office draft, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas of us may confidently rely upon getting them *pure* and *fresh*, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

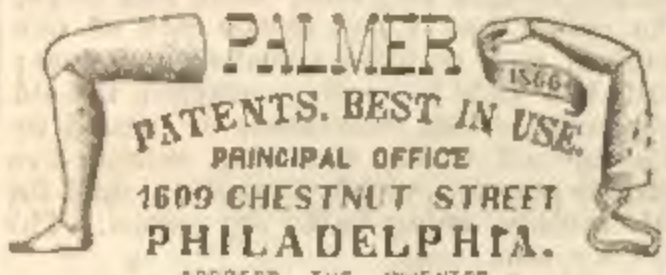
N. B.—Inhabitants of villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (besides the Express charges), by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *forms or imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

POST-OFFICE orders and drafts make payable to the order of "The Great American Tea Company." Direct letters and orders (as below, no more, no less)

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMP'Y,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.,

Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.



ADDRESS THE INVENTOR.

DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, PRES'T A.A.LIMB C'T

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK: also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

Dr. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed.

oct20-1y

Eclectic Medical College of Penna.

Winter Session commences October 6, 1868. Thirty students taken for $30. No other references.

For particulars, address
JOSEPH SITES, M. D.,
514 Pine Street,
jn6-12t Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED for the **WEARING OF THE GREEN,** or Sketches of Irish Character. The greatest book published. Its contents are deeply interesting and should be **carefully read** by every one. The immense demand for this great work stamps it the most successful book out. It is decidedly the **book for the times.** It fully illustrates **Old Ireland,** and abounds in **Romance, Incident** and **Wit,** showing the **Patriotism** and **Devotion,** the **Truth** and **Fervor** of that warm-hearted people; containing 400 pages, over 100 illustrations. Bound in cloth, green and gold. Price $3. Agents wanted everywhere. Exclusive territory given. Send for circular and terms. WILLIAM FLINT, Publisher, No. 26 South Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa. my9-2m

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WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., PITTSBURG, PA., or BOSTON, MASS.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured. jc0-4t

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Husband's Calcined Magnesia

is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

The N. Y. World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer.

THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Philadelphia.
mar28-2m

A CLEAR, SMOOTH AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION is obtained by the use of HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED BUCHU.

It removes black spots, pimples and eruptions of the skin.

IN THE SPRING and early summer months the system naturally requires a purifier. HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED SARSAPARILLA IS AN ABSOLUTE

YOUNG LADIES

OF THE INJURIOUS effects of Cosmetics, Powders and Washes. All these clog the pores of the skin, and in a short time destroy the complexion. If you would have a beautiful appearance, use HELMBOLD'S BUCHU.

NOT A FEW of the diseases to which mankind arise from our surroundings, but HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU is a remedy

---

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA cleanses and purifies the blood, rouses into action the vigor of health into the system, and expels the humors that make disease.

QUANTITY vs. QUALITY. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA. Those who desire a large quantity of poor stuff, should not get it.

THOSE WHO DESIRE A CLEAR COMPLEXION AND PURITY OF COMPLEXION must purify the blood, which HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA does. Take no other but HELMBOLD'S. Take no other

---

HELMBOLD'S

HIGHLY

CONCENTRATED

SARSAPARILLA

Eradicates Eruptive Diseases

OF THE

THROAT, NOSE, SKIN

AND BLOOD.

Which so disfigure the face, and are the evil effects of mercury and other impurities of DISEASE, here taken by ADULTS and CHILDREN with SAFETY.

TWO TABLE SPOONFULS of Extract of Sarsaparilla, added to a pint of the Lisbon Diet Drink, and a wineglassful of the Syrup of Sarsaparilla, are made.

HELMBOLD'S

CONCENTRATED

BUCHU

IS THE GREAT DIURETIC

Helmbold's Concentrated

SARSAPARILLA

IS THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

Both are prepared according to the rules of Pharmacy and Chemistry, and are the most

---

HELMBOLD'S

CONCENTRATED

BUCHU

Is a certain cure for diseases of the BLADDER, KIDNEYS, DROPSY, ORGANIC WEAKNESS, and all COMPLAINTS arising from IMPURITY of the BLOOD.

If no treatment is submitted to, serious results may ensue. Our Pamphlet, containing certificates from those sources, and the highest

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

and that of POSTERITY depends upon the use of a reliable remedy.

The Proprietor trusts that the many certificates advertised, may not be disbelieved, because some of which are prepared by a few interested parties, in many instances, are too ignorant to write the simplest prescription, much less to compound Pharmaceutical Preparations.

MY PREPARATIONS

Are prepared in vacuo from the plants named, and are the most notable. Other decoctions are exceedingly troublesome necessary to prepare them every day, and are more objectionable, as they are apt to ferment; for Buchu saturated with water, holding in solution much less than water alone, and the syrup unpalatable, for the patient is frequently stomach surfeited by the large quantity of with each dose—which is necessary to keep the decoction from

Here the advantages and superiority of my treats are strikingly manifest.

The finest test of their superiority is to compare with the properties as set forth in the Dispensatory.

MY LABORATORY FOR THE CULTURE OF FLUID EXTRACTS

Has been visited by thousands of druggists from all parts of the United States, and every preparation received their unqualified approval.

HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED EXTRACTS are pleasant to taste, prompt in their action.

H. T. HELMBOLD,

Druggist, of eighteen years' experience, manufacturer of HELMBOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.

Principal Depots—HELMBOLD'S CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE, No 594 Broadway, next Metropolitan Hotel; and HELMBOLD'S DEPOT, No. 104 South Tenth St.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Price $1 25 per bottle, or six bottles for $6 50

NONE ARE GENUINE unless the fac-simile of my name, with fac-simile of my name, is on the outside wrapper, with fac-simile of my name, and signed

The proprietor was compelled to adopt this precaution because of the growing popularity of my preparations, and to prevent spurious and dangerous

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The dose is small. Those
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ESIRE BRILLIAN-
ON must purify and enrich
OLD'S CONCENTRATED EX-
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BOLD'S

HLY

FLUID EXTRACT

SARILLA

& Ulcerative Diseases

EYELIDS, SCALP
SKIN,

appearance, PURGING the
removing all taints, the rem-
diary or otherwise, and is
CHILDREN with perfect

UFULS of HELMBOLD'S EX-
to a pint of water, is equal to
one bottle is equal to a gallon
..or the decoctions as usually

BOLD'S

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ARILLA

BLOOD PURIFIER.

ng to the rules of Pharmacy
most active that can be made.

BOLD'S

FLUID EXTRACT

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BROADWAY, New York.
and HELMBOLD'S MEDICAL
ENTH ST., Philadelphia.
TS EVERYWHERE.
for $6.50.

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my Chemical Warehouse,
H. T. HELMBOLD.
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rous counterfeiting.
my15-eowly

SHERMAN

RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.

Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, Artistic Surgeon, respectfully notifies his patients, and the large number of afflicted persons who have called at his office during his absence, anxious to receive the aid of his experience, that he has returned from his professional visit to Havana, and will be prepared to receive them at his office, No. 697 Broadway.

Dr. SHERMAN'S inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical curatives for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

Dr. SHERMAN is the founder of the "Marado Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps.

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THE ORIGINAL

ONE DOLLAR BROKER STORE.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE OF MAY 2.

To the Editors of the New York Tribune:

GENTLEMEN:—We have this day received from S. R. Niles, Esq., Newspaper Advertising Agent, of this city, a letter from your establishment, making some inquiries as to the manner in which our business is conducted. To your inquiries we respond as follows:—That our business is not a gift enterprise concern; that we are engaged in a legitimate, straightforward business, and do not deviate from the plan as advertised in our circular. In order to satisfy you as to the nature and extent of our business, we give you a statement of our sales for November, 1867.

Amount of sales for November, 1867, according to sworn returns made to the United States assessor, $104,711, (*one hundred and four thousand seven hundred and eleven dollars.*) Numbers of orders received by mail and express, 7960—in sums varying from $1 to $200. The orders were received from, and the goods sent in return to, places all the way from the "Hub" to Nebraska, including the village of New York. We also give you a list of some of the articles SOLD BY US for one dollar during the month of November, as taken from our books:

1497 Pieces Brown and Bleached Sheeting, average 45 yards to a piece, retail price 20 cts. per yard.
58 Wool Long Shawls.
59 Pairs Wool Blankets.
815 Dozen Worsted Breakfast Shawls, retail price $2.
20 Cashmere Long Shawls.
179 Pairs Gents' Calf Boots.
5 Pieces of Wool Carpeting, 20 yards each.
11 Pieces Black Silk, 14 yards each.
48 Silver Hunting-case Watches.
1199 Wool Square Shawls.
1404 Pieces of Hemp Carpeting, 25 yards each.
5 Silver-plated Tea Services of 6 pieces each.
1476 Silver-plated Castors.
1492 White Quilts.

If additional proof is desired as to the equitable manner in which we fulfil our promises, and of the satisfaction given our patrons thereby, we shall gladly furnish reference to those who have received these goods from us. In the month of September, 1867, we made a contract for 1000 dozen Breakfast Shawls, to be delivered in such quantities as we might wish them. These shawls are the same quality of goods as those sold by jobbers at wholesale for $15 a dozen; and when sold at retail have been sold in Boston and New York at $2 each. By taking so large a quantity we obtained them at a price which permits us to sell them at $1 each, and leaves us a small profit. Every article we offer for sale is obtained in a similar manner. In domestics our house absorbs the *entire production* of one factory.

But we think we have offered evidence enough to convince you that our patrons do obtain dollar for dollar for every article purchased from us.

ANDREWS & CO.,
Nos. 104 and 106 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.
☞ We will send circulars to any address.
je13-4t

GREAT SALE

OF

DRY GOODS, CARPETINGS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
SILVER-PLATED WARE

OF ALL KINDS,

ALBUMS,

And a variety of valuable and useful articles for sale at

ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH ARTICLE.

A check, describing an article selected from our stock for sale at One Dollar, will be sent on the receipt of Three Cents to pay postage.

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Send for circulars, as this is the most liberal sale of the kind in the country. Address

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IMPROVED BARTLETT SEWING MACHINES, manufactured by GOODSPEED & WYMAN, Winchendon, Mass. *Agents wanted.* Enclose stamp and address as above. N. B.—Particular attention given to machines for shipping.
my30-4t

CURLS! CURLS! CURLS!

A sample of Prof. Butler's Magnetic CURLIQUE sent to any address free. Beautiful, luxuriant, flowing curls produced on the first application without injury to the Hair. This is the only reliable and harmless Hair Curler. All others are worthless imitations. Address for sample

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How to instantly gain the undying love of any one by Psychological Fascination. The only sure and honorable means, fully taught. Don't be fooled by the *mere circulars* of impostors, but send for this HANDSOME BOOK, bound in gilt, revealing many great secrets, and showing how all may be rich, wise and happy forever. Price 25 cents. Address CLARK & CO., Publishers, Newark, N. J. je13-2t

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GOOD AGENTS wanted to introduce our new STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE—*Stitch alike on both sides.* The only first class, low priced machine in the market. WE WILL CONSIGN MACHINES to responsible parties AND EMPLOY ENERGETIC AGENTS ON A SALARY. Full particulars and sample work furnished on application. Address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.
my22-12t

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An agent is wanted in every town and neighborhood, in the United States, to sell our improved FRENCH ALLOIDE GOLD WATCH. A rare chance to make money. For our splendid inducements and a sample Watch, address

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED. Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 20 cents, twice as many 30 cents. MANSON LANG, 94 Columbia St., New York City. my30-6m

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my16-6m

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have the FINEST TONE, more POWER, and it takes LESS MONEY to buy them than any other INSTRUMENT in the market. Great inducements offered to Sunday-schools and churches. A liberal discount made to clergymen. Send for a circular and price list.

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2,500,000 Customers in Four Years.

PATRONIZE THE BEST.

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in every instance, and also the *best* selection of Goods ever offered at

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Are particularly requested to try our popular club system of selling all kinds of DRY AND FANCY GOODS, DRESS PATTERNS, COTTON CLOTH, CASTORS, SILVER PLATED GOODS, WATCHES, &c. (Established 1864.) A patent pen fountain and a check describing an article to be sold for a dollar, 10 cts.; 20 for $2; 40 for $4; 60 for $6; 100 for $10; sent by mail. Free presents to getter up, (*worth 50 per cent. more than those sent by any other concern,*) according to size of club. Send us a trial club, or if not do not fail to send for a circular.

N. B.—Our sale should NOT be classed with New York dollar jewelry sales or bogus "Tea Companies," as it is nothing of the sort.

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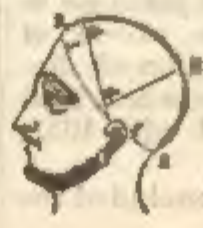

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513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACHE. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-oowly

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TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

CHURCH BELLS,
Chimes and Bells of all Sizes for
Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &c.
Made of Pure Bell Metal,
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HUNG WITH PATENT ROTARY MOUNTINGS, THE BEST IN USE.
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$25 PER DAY.—Agents wanted, Male and Female, Local and Travelling. Business new. Steady employment. No capital required. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. jy6-1y

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CORNS BUNIONS, BADNAILS, etc., cured by Dr. J. Briggs, 208 Broadway, cor. Fulton. *Briggs' Curative*, a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. By mail, 60 c. and $1 20.

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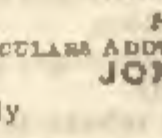
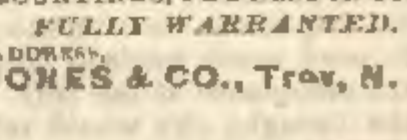
A SUBSTITUTE FOR SARATOGA WATERS. COOLING, REFRESHING AND PLEASANT CITRATE OF MAGNESIA. In 6 oz. bottles—in powder. This Magnesia is a mild purgative and aperient, very acceptable to the stomach for sick head-ache, sour or sick stomach, and all febrile cases. For sale by FRENCH RICHARDS & CO., and most druggists. Prepared by ARTHUR ROGERS, 193 Spring St., New York. my 8-3m

FOR ONE DOLLAR  **XL** 

A PRESENT OF $25.00 VALUE,
OF YOUR OWN SELECTION,—FREE OF COST,
For a few days services in any town or village. Particulars and gift sent free, by addressing, with stamp,
CLOUDMAN & CO.,
my4-3m 40 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Speaking Foreign Languages.

Prof. Newhall, writing from Europe, says: A friend of mine called on a celebrated German philologist here who "speaks English." Thus the conversation opened:—"I believe you talk English, professor?" "Guess," said the philologist, "a few." Many of the stores here advertise "English spoken here." I called at one of them, and the Englishman of the establishment said, "Although I a teacher of English been have, I have it much oblivirt." I thought he had, but I groaned inwardly as I reflected, "I a teacher of German been have also." Another English speaking bookseller, who also speaks our language, as a general thing, fluently and correctly, rather startled me the other day, when I called for a certain book that he was to procure for me, by saying, "I have not got it now, but I have sent my angel for it." It was with difficulty that I kept my countenance, but I was sobered by the reflection that probably I am every day taxing the politeness of my German friends to the utmost by just such blunders as this.

In the Berlin gallery is a fine picture of Jacob wrestling with the angel. It is photographed, as are most of these masterpieces of art, and on the back of the photographs is the subject in three languages. In German it runs thus: "Jakob ringent mit dem Engel," which is translated into English thus: "Jack ringing with the angel." Prof. Rice was informed by a German student in the natural history department, that he was "travailing on fishes." It was some little time before Prof. Rice got the idea that his friend simply meant that he was hard at work on the study of fishes.—*Zion's Herald.*

Precocity.

Little Jimmy is a boy well-trained in all the arena of modern juvenile science.—Knows all about his liver and his lungs; can number you the pairs of nerves, and locate them, as well as divide them into afferent and efferent, organic and animal. In fact, little Jimmy is brimful of physio-chemical information, as his uncle recently found to his cost. They were at meat with the other members of the family. The uncle was much annoyed, not to say shocked, at the rapidity with which little Jimmy caused food to vanish through the cavity of his countenance commonly called his mouth. He remonstrated, and slyly hinted that a boy so thoroughly posted as a hygienic physiologist ought to know better than to "bolt" his food. But the uncle was crushed. Quoth Jimmy, with his mouth full—

"I eat rapidly to avoid dying by dinbetes. Don't start, but hear me out. In the insalivation of food during the process of mastication, the starch of bread and potatoes is converted into sugar. But an excess of sugar in the blood is the occasion of diabetes. Hence to avoid that excess and that consequence, I eat rapidly and with little mastication."

Long before this speech was concluded the uncle had succumbed.

Hard Work.

Old Dick Wilson was quaint but lazy. On one occasion Dr. H. called on Dick, and handing him a basket, desired him to go to a certain spot, about two miles distant, and bring him a quantity of snails, adding, "Be as quick as you can, Dick, for I am in a hurry."

Muttering that "the doctor is always in a hurry," Dick set off on his expedition; and the doctor, after his round of visits, seated himself in his office to rest and to wait for Dick.

In the deepest twilight of the long June day Dick appeared, and after carefully setting down his basket, seated himself with an air of utter weariness on the threshold of the open door.

"Well, Dick, said the doctor, "did you get the snails?"

"Look in the basket, doctor."

The doctor looked, and to his vexation saw only two or three miserable "specimens" on the bottom of the basket, and exclaimed, irefully—

"Why, Dick, what does this mean?" ironically adding, "were there no snails there?"

"O, yes, plenty of 'em there, doctor, but it was *such hard work to run 'em down.*"

A Gentle Rebuke.

A lady, riding in a car on the New York Central Railroad, was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen, occupying the seat just before her. One of them seemed to be a student of some college, on his way home for a vacation.

He used much profane language, greatly to the annoyance of the lady.

She thought she would rebuke him, and on begging pardon for interrupting them, asked the young student if he had studied the languages?

Student—"Yes, madam, I have mastered the languages quite well."

Lady—"Do you read and speak Hebrew?"

Student—"Quite fluently."

Lady—"Will you be so kind as to do me a small favor?"

Student—"With great pleasure. I am at your service."

Lady—"Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?"

We may well suppose the lady was not annoyed any more by the ungentlemanly language of this would-be gentleman.

Skip It.

In a certain school there were two boys, whose names we will call James O—— and Bob H——. James was a very good reader, but Bob was exactly the reverse—a very poor reader. The latter, however, managed to get into the class of the former, by what means I cannot say. It often happened that when Bob came to a word which he could not pronounce, he would nudge James, and in a whisper (if the teacher was not looking,) ask what the word was. Once he came to a word that even James could not make out, and the latter in a whisper told him to skip it. Not rightly understanding the advice, he asked the second time, when James, somewhat out of patience, answered, "Skip it, gol darn ye, Bob." Thinking he understood aright, Bob cried out, in his usually loud, drawling tone, "Skipitgoldarnyebob." The effect in the school may be imagined.

☞ A person, late on a Saturday afternoon, hailed an Englishman, as he was skillfully essaying the wily fisherman's art, for trout, with "Hallos, there! got anything?" "Got anything! of course not. I only came here last Wednesday!" was the reply, as the patient angler once more cast his patent fly.

TOO BAD!

EMILY.—"What do I think of the flower, Mr. Robinson? the flowerpot, by far!"

STEADFAST.

As one entranced will sometimes gaze afar
  Into the deep blue night,
At the sweet radiance of some special star
  That shines supremely bright;

His look concentred—all the rest unrecked
  Their glowing courses run;
Though by ten myriad gems the heavens are decked,
  To him there is but one.

So I look up into a glorious face,
  Into a calm kind eye,
Radiant with queenly nobleness and grace,
  Clear as a cloudless sky.

Not bright—as brooks that o'er the shallows roll,
  But oh! so pure and deep
With fathomless serenity of soul—
  Like ocean in a sleep.

There might be faces fifty times as fair,
  O dear-loved lady mine!
But though there were, I'd neither know nor care—
  I'm blind to all but thine.

Was Benj. Franklin Mean?

Jefferson Davis thinks he was. He is reported to have said that Dr. Franklin was "the incarnation of the New England character,—hard, calculating, angular, unable to conceive any higher object than the accumulation of money." There are many other people who, though they honor the memory of Franklin, have received the impression that, in money matters, he was very close and saving. To correct this error, I will now briefly relate his pecuniary history, from his boyhood to his death, showing how he got his money, how much of it he got, and what he did with it.

I will begin with the first pecuniary transaction in which he is said to have been concerned, and this shall be given in his own words:—

"When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one."

That was certainly not the act of a stingy, calculating boy.

His next purchase, of which we have any knowledge, was made when he was about eleven years old; and this time, I must confess, he made a much better bargain. The first book he ever could call his own was a copy of Pilgrim's Progress, which he read, and re-read, until he got from it all so young a person could understand. But being exceedingly fond of reading, he exchanged his Pilgrim's Progress for a set of little books, then much sold by peddlers, called "Burton's Historical Collections," in forty paper-covered volumes, containing history, travels, tales, wonders and curiosities; just the thing for a boy. As we do not know the market value of his Pilgrim's Progress, we cannot tell whether the poor peddler did well by him, or the contrary. But, it strikes me, that that is not the kind of barter in which a mean, grasping boy usually engages.

His father being a poor soap and candle-maker, with a dozen children or more to support or assist, and Benjamin being a printer's apprentice, he was more and more puzzled to gratify his love of knowledge. But, one day, he hit upon an expedient that brought in a little cash. By reading a vegetarian book, this hard, calculating Yankee lad had been led to think that people could live better without meat than with it, and that killing innocent animals for food was cruel and wicked. So he abstained from meat altogether for about two years. As this led to some inconvenience at his boarding-house, he made this cunning proposition to his master:—

"Give me one-half the money you pay for my board, and I will board myself."

The master consenting, the apprentice lived entirely upon such things as hominy, bread, rice and potatoes, and found that he could actually live upon half of the half. What did the calculating wretch do with the money? Put it into his money-box? No; he laid it all out in the improvement of his mind.

When, at the age of seventeen, he landed at Philadelphia, a runaway apprentice, he had one silver dollar and one shilling in copper coin. It was a fine Sunday morning, as probably the reader remembers, and he knew not a soul in the place. He asked the boatmen, upon whose boat he had come down the Delaware, how much he had to pay. They answered, Nothing, because he had helped them row. Franklin, however, insisted upon their taking his shilling's worth of coppers, and forced the money upon them. An hour aft
rolls for his breakfas
the other two to a
child, who had been
These were small thi
remember, he was a
away, in a strange to
from a friend, with t
the only dollar he ha

Next year, when h
parents, with his po
new suit of clothes
oldest Boston friend
with Franklin's acc
that he determined
On the journey Fran
friend had become a
sorely plagued and
at last, the young dr
money, and had no w
by Franklin's aid.
mercenary youth—di
of shaking off a mos
rious travelling comp
late, he stuck to his
purse with him till i
began on some mon
entrusted with for
to Philadelphia, whe
It was seven years be
to pay all the debt
this old friend; for
would have blamed h

A year after he w
ficulty from a simil
London to buy types
to establish himself
phia—the Governor
promised to furnish
passengers on the s
of Franklin's, name
whom he had often s
was exceedingly fon
he, too, was proceed
arrangements for g
himself at Philadelp
arrived—Franklin
married man with tw
London, Franklin le
and dismay, that the
him, that no money
him, and that he mu
his living at his tra
learned this than
another piece of
namely, that he h
family, and meant t
poet and author!

Franklin had ten
knew a trade. Ral
knew no trade. Th
in a strange city.
stances, what woul
young man have do
very well, without
Franklin *did* was th
with his friend until
gone; and, having
trade, he kept on
Ralph until he had
pounds—half a yea
of which was ever re
the cold-blooded wr
not help loving his
comrade, though d
and sadly needing h

Having returned
up in business as a
after a very severe
well established, an
profitable establishm
America. During t
his business life he
for the promotion
founded a most us
club, a public librar
assisted in every w
most generous to hi
table to his fellow-c
interested in the we
many of whom he s
ton's "Biography."

TO A

BY FRANCES

Oh serious eyes! ho
The burning rays, t
Still find ye cold,
  night!
Oh lifeless eyes! ca
Oh lips! whereon
Hath love's warm,
  spell
To waken sense in
Oh breathless lips!
Thou soulless mimi
Fall scalding over t
I press thee to my
  fears
Are all thine own
  strain.
Oh thou dull image
To my fond prayers

☞ Query: Is a
of himself to be com

Why, more than I do of

...r, having bought three
...t, he ate one, and gave
poor woman and her
his fellow-passengers.
...ngs, you may say; but,
poor, ragged, dirty run-
...wn, four hundred miles
...hree pence gone out of
...d in the world.
...e went home to see his
...ocket full of money, a
...and a watch, one of his
...s was so much pleased
...ount of Philadelphia,
to go back with him.
...klin discovered that his
...slave to drink. He was
...disgraced by him, and,
...runkard had spent all his
...ay of getting on except
...This hard, calculating,
...d he seize the chance
...t troublesome and inju-
...panion? Strange to re-
...old friend, shared his
...t was empty, and then
...ey which he had been
...nother, and so got him
...re he still assisted him.
...efore Franklin was able
...incurred by him to aid
abandoning whom few
...im.
...vas in a still worse dif-
...ar cause. He went to
...and a press with which
...in business in Philadel-
...of Pennsylvania having
...the money. One of the
...hip was a young friend
...ed James Ralph, with
...tudied, and of whom he
...d. Ralph gave out that
...ing to London to make
...oing into business for
...hia. The young friends
...nineteen, and Ralph a
...o children. On reaching
...arned, to his amazement
...governor had deceived
...was to be expected from
...ust go to work and earn
...de. No sooner had he
...James Ralph gave him
...stunning intelligence;
...nd run away from his
...o settle in London as a

...pounds in his pocket and
...ph had no money and
...cy were both strangers
Now, in such circum-
...d a mean, calculating
...ns? Reader, you know
my telling you. What
...is: he shared his purse
his ten pounds were all
...t once got work at his
...dividing his wages with
...advanced him thirty-six
...'s income—not a penny
...epaid. And this he did—
...etch!—because he could
...brilliant, unprincipled
...disapproving his conduct
...is money.
...to Philadelphia, he set
printer and editor, and,
...effort he got his business
...d, at last, had the most
...ment of the kind in all
...he most active part of
...always found some time
of public objects; he
...eful and public-spirited
...y which still exists, and
...orthy scheme. He was
...s poorer relations, hospi-
...citizens, and particularly
...lfare of his journeymen,
...et up in business.—*Par-*

...PICTURE.

...ANNE KEMBLE.

...w is it that the light,
...hat mine pour into ye,
...and dead, and dark as

...n ye not answer me?
...ny own so often dwell,
...fearful thrilling touch no

...ye? Oh misery!
...can ye not speak to me?
...cry of life! my tears
...hee. In vain, in vain
...heart, whose hopes and

...; thou dost not feel the

...! wilt thou not reply
...and wild idolatry?

...man who has made a fool
...sidered a self-made man?

AGRICULTURAL.

The Curing of Green Hides.

A great many butchers, wool dealers, etc., are purchasers of the hides of the beef in the country towns, and we often get from them inquiries as to the most proper and profitable method of curing the hide and preparing it for the market. A great many butchers do not use proper care in this branch, and the consequence is that the hides will not pass city inspection, owing entirely to the ignorance and carelessness of persons preparing them for market. The proper way to salt hides, is to lay them out flat, flesh side up, and form a nearly square bed, say twelve by fifteen feet, folding in the edges so as to make them as nearly solid as possible. Split the ear in the cords that run up the ear in each one, so as to make them lie out flat. Sprinkle the hide with two or three shovelfuls of coarse salt, as the size may require—say, for a sixty to eighty pound hide, from ten to fifteen pounds of salt. At any rate, cover the hide well, as it need not be wasted; and let them lie in this from twelve to twenty days, after which take them up, shake the salt out, and use it again.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

The Teeth of a Horse.

The Rural American says:—At five years of age the horse has forty teeth—twenty-four molars or jaw teeth, twelve incisor or front teeth, and four tusks or canine teeth, between the molars and the incisors, but usually wanting in the mare.

At birth only two nippers or middle incisors appear.

At one year old, the incisors are all visible on the first or milk set.

After this time, indeed, good authorities say that after five years, the age of a horse can only be conjectured. But the teeth gradually change their form, the incisors being round, oval, and then triangular. Dealers sometimes bishop the teeth of old horses; that is, scoup them out to imitate the mark; but this can be known by the absence of the white edge of enamel which always surrounds the real mark, by the shape of the teeth and other marks of age about the animal.

Raising Potatoes Under Straw.

We give an experiment in raising potatoes under straw, by J. N. Sterns, of Kalamazoo, Michigan:—"I fitted the ground as for planting in the old way, by marking rows one way, three feet apart, and dropped the potatoes on the mark from eighteen inches to two feet apart, covering them slightly with soil. I then covered to about the depth of ten inches with old straw and did nothing more with them. When the crop was ripe, I raked off the straw, and raked out the potatoes, which were mostly on the surface, looking very nice, fresh, and large. The result was, I had at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six bushels per acre; while the yield from those planted the old way in drills, and cultivated, on ground by the side of them, was only seventy-five bushels per acre, which was rather small for this section, owing to the dry season. The soil is a sandy loam."

A Preventive.

The editor of a Western paper has invented a method whereby he keeps his neighbors' cows from stealing his hay. He describes it thusly:—

"A certain quadruped had a sweet tooth for our haystack, and did much damage, throwing down the rail fence and roosting in our hay. We bought a box of cayenne pepper, took a nice lock of hay, placed it outside, 'baptised' it with pepper, and watched. The animal came along and pitched into the hay, when suddenly she took the hint, and with nose at forty-five degrees and tail at ninety-eight degrees, her 'soul' went marching on at the rate of 2.40. The cow has not come back. Try this, ye afflicted, and you will save your hay, and have a hearty laugh all to yourself."

TWELVE GOOD ROSES.—The following list combines colors, vigor of growth, and other desirable qualities, that cannot but please almost all rose-fanciers: General Jacqueminot, scarlet crimson; Baronne Prevost, rose; Madame Louise Carique, rosy crimson; Gloire de Dijon, orange yellow; Sir J. Paxton, cherry crimson; Celine Forestier, yellow; Jules Margottin, bright crimson; Anna Alexieff, rose; Du de Cazes, dark crimson; Duchesse de Medina Cœli, rich purplish crimson; William Griffiths, salmon rose, and Maurice Bernardin, vermillion.—*Horticulturist.*

RECEIPTS.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Mince the white meat of a chicken fine, or pull it in bits; chop the white parts of celery; prepare a salad dressing thus: rub the yolks of hard-boiled eggs smooth with a spoon, put to each yolk a teaspoonful of made mustard, half as much salt, a tablespoonful of oil, and a wineglass of strong vinegar; put the celery on a large dish; lay the chicken on that; then pour it over the dressing. Lettuce cut small, in the place of celery, may be used. Cut the whites of the eggs in rings to garnish the salad.

TO PRESERVE CHERRIES.—Take good, ripe, sour cherries four pounds, sugar four pounds, water two pounds. Boil them well together an hour, or until done; cool them and put away for use.

STRAWBERRY JELLY.—Express the juice from the fruit through a cloth, strain it clear, weigh, and stir to it an equal proportion of the finest sugar dried and reduced to powder; when this is dissolved, place the preserving-pan over a very clear fire, and stir the jelly often until it boils; clear it carefully from scum, and boil it quickly from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. This receipt is for a moderate quantity of the preserve; a very small portion will require much less time.

CURRANT WINE.—Pick, stem, mash, and strain them well. To 1 quart of juice 1 pound of sugar; stir it; add ¼ pint of water to each quart of juice; put it into something which it will fill, reserving ¼ pint to fill up with. Let it ferment during about four weeks. Listen from time to time to see if all is serene. At first there will be froth; when it is nearly done small bubbles will be found; when all is still, strain, and bottle, and seal it.

Do not use the sediment.

P. S. The above is the receipt of a successful wine maker.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 68 letters.

My 5, 29, 25, 17, 11, 2, 46, is the name of a famous Norwegian violinist.
My 57, 28, 20, 25, was a learned English judge.
My 10, 6, 31, 50, 50, 55, 57, 68, was an American astronomer and mathematician.
My 08, 45, 48, 61, 38, was a Tyrolean patriot.
My 65, 26, 35, 67, 21, was an English poet and divine.
My 65, 39, 12, 22, was attorney general of the United States.
My 63, 8, 42, 34, 2, was a talented French writer.
My 67, 26, 54, 21, 1, was an Italian poet.
My 3, 66, 10, 7, 50, 13, was an English dramatic and musical composer.
My 16, 33, 57, 41, 34, 53, 63, is a novelist.
My 27, 49, 42, 41, 04, was a celebrated navigator.
My 22, 9, 18, 20, 51, was an English politician and philologist.
My 44, 42, 33, 8, 19, 43, was a French revolutionist.
My 17, 23, 56, 40, 61, was an American pioneer.
My 4, 14, 24, 37, 63, 31, 53, 62, 35, 68, was an English poet.
My 53, 28, 60, 66, 54, was an English navigator.
My 47, 1, 59, is a title.

My whole is a maxim of King Alphonse of Castile.

"NUTMEG."

Fallston, Md.

Enigma.

I am composed of 100 letters.

My 10, 2, 13, 102, 85, 88, 68, 31, 9, 10, 59, 12, 61, 72, has created quite a sensation in Philadelphia.
My 102, 105, 89, 103, 8, 38, 44, 90, 66, 70, 94, 106, is a beautiful flower.
My 5, 44, 92, 19, 61, 8, 21, 28, 65, 27, 58, 60, 78, 84, will be read with great interest.
My 4, 2, 24, 8, 10, 77, 72, 88, 92, 68, 1, 3, 109, 104, 70, 61, 8, is a new and beautiful song.
My 85, 86, 87, 88, 9, 61, 13, 10, 93, 97, 100, 8, 100, was a novel by T. S. Arthur.
My 71, 98, 64, 85, 7, 18, 12, 78, 77, 69, 70, 33, 10, 90, 78, 85, 88, 8, 60, 105, 42, 71, 22, 105, 57, 20, 13, 10, 92, is where my friend graduated.
My 11, 22, 17, 78, 7, 18, 19, 23, 15, 41, 69, 88, 83, 75, is truly a friend to the ladies.
My 77, 64, 95, 30, 39, 16, 54, 14, 8, 96, is a large city in Pennsylvania.
My 34, 35, 12, 62, 99, 19, 63, 96, 29, 51, 50, 70, 91, 71, 26, 46, 95, 35, is one of Scott's novels.
My 57, 60, 78, 67, 76, 55, 61, 32, 72, 67, was a bloody battle field.
My 82, 66, 84, 43, 44, 86, 107, 83, 67, 19, 78, 78, 74, was a celebrated prison.
My 56, 40, 108, 81, 29, 94, is an article of furniture.
My 91, 78, 52, 49, 34, 43, 90, 86, 84, 84, is a popular boat on the Ohio.
My 8, 73, 25, 101, 61, 75, 53, 21, 11, 45, was a town in Virginia burned during the war.

My whole is a verse of poetry.

MAGGIE H. COUCH.

Mercer's Bottom, W. Va.

Probability Problem.

If a person throwe 7 dice, what is the probability that he will turn up an odd number of aces?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

The length of a road in which the ascent is one foot in five, from the foot of the hill to the top is a mile and two-thirds. What will be the length of a zigzag road, in which the ascent is one foot in twelve?

J. M. GREENWOOD.

Kirksville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Algebraic Problem.

B and C gave A one-quarter of their money; A and C gave B one-fifth of their money; B and A gave C one-sixth of their money. After this division they each had one thousand dollars. Required—the number of dollars each man had.

W. T. STONEBRAKER.

West Milton, O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Which of Mr. Dickens's works is hardest to go through? Ans.—No Thoroughfare.

☞ Why is a coquette like a miser? Ans.—Because she never gives assent.

☞ When is a blow from a lady welcome? Ans.—When she strikes you agreeably.

☞ Why is a sharp razor like a dull one? Ans.—Because the one shaves thoroughly and the other shaves tho-roughly.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"Friends are like fiddle strings; they should not be screwed too tight." DOUBLE REBUS—Owasco and Otsego. (Ohio, wast, Atlas, Seine, crag, Ontario.) METAGRAM—Rome. (Home, rune, rose, romp.)

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES.—To two pounds of fine, large strawberries, add two pounds of powdered sugar, and put them in a preserving kettle, over a slow fire, till the sugar is melted; then boil them precisely twenty minutes, as fast as possible; have ready a number of *small* jars, and put the fruit in boiling hot. Cork and seal the jars immediately, and keep them through the summer in a cold, dry cellar. The jars must be heated before the hot fruit is poured in, otherwise they will break.

A FAVORITE way of dressing potatoes is this:—Cut them up into quarters; rub a saucepan with a piece of garlic, put into it a goodly piece of butter, and when it is melted throw in your potatoes; add a very little water, pepper and salt, and a small quantity of grated nutmeg; let the whole simmer till done, and, before serving, add some minced parsley and a little lemon-juice. Cooked in this way they can be eaten as a separate dish, which, by-the-by, is the only way to eat vegetables, instead of eating them with meat.

BOILED potatoes cut up into quarters, and with a white sauce, with minced parsley put over them, make a very nice dish.

☞ Blue is the fashionable color in London this season.